

No. 1249

9 P

AUS. N.Z. 35c

# Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES



# RAISE THE ALARM!

# SKY-HIGH QUIZ No.7

Five aircraft—two views of each. How many can you identify? They are from World War Two, and to help you they are all drawn exactly to scale. If there are any you can't name, turn to Page 65.

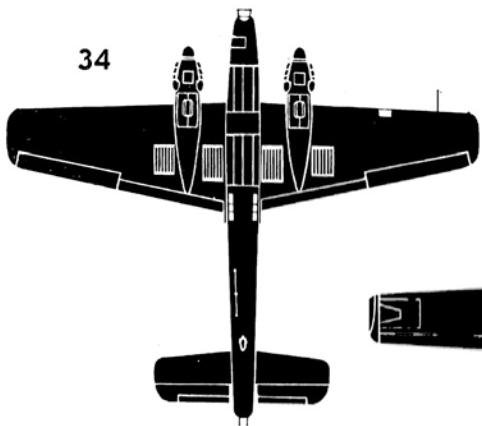
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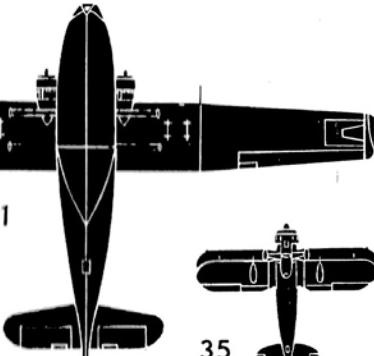
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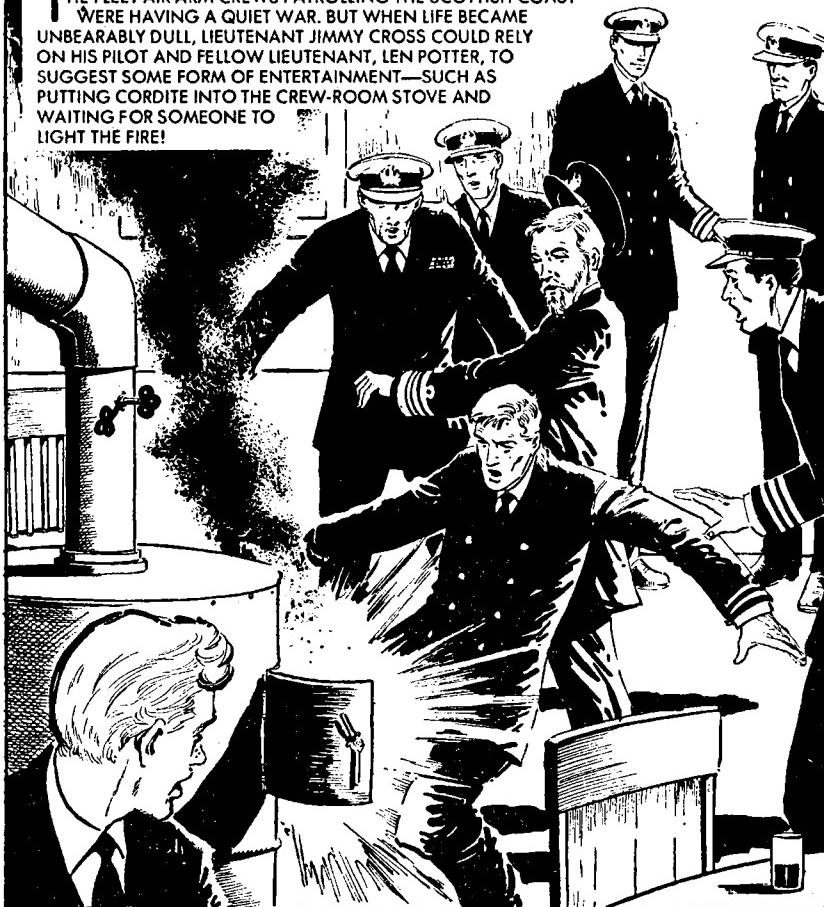
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32

# RAISE THE ALARM!

THE FLEET AIR ARM CREWS PATROLLING THE SCOTTISH COAST WERE HAVING A QUIET WAR. BUT WHEN LIFE BECAME UNBEARABLY DULL, LIEUTENANT JIMMY CROSS COULD RELY ON HIS PILOT AND FELLOW LIEUTENANT, LEN POTTER, TO SUGGEST SOME FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT—SUCH AS PUTTING CORDITE INTO THE CREW-ROOM STOVE AND WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO LIGHT THE FIRE!



THEY WERE NOT TO KNOW THAT ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM POFFLYN WOULD BE MAKING A SURPRISE INSPECTION AND THEIR GUILTY EXPRESSIONS BETRAYED THEM TO THE FURIOUS COMMANDER.



NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, JIMMY WONDERED WHY HE HAD EVER AGREED TO CREW UP WITH LEN. FOR IT SEEMED THAT LEN WAS INCAPABLE OF KEEPING HIS NOSE OUT OF TROUBLE.



THE SQUADRON WAS OFFICIALLY  
RESTING, BUT THERE WAS NO TIME  
OFF FOR THE TWO UNFORTUNATE  
YOUNG OFFICERS.

HEY, AREN'T  
YOU COMING BOATING  
WITH US? KEN HAS BORROWED  
SOMEONE'S OLD TUB AND  
WE'RE GOING ALONG  
THE COAST.

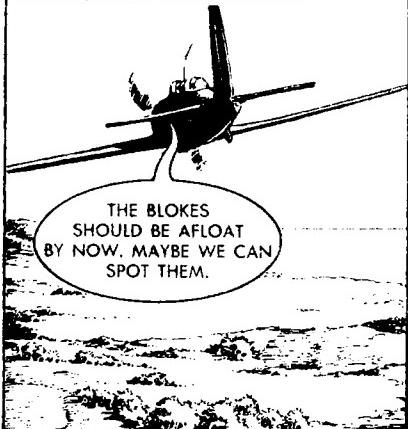
YOU MUST  
BE JOKING. WE'RE  
AIR TESTING THE C.O.'S  
KITE AFTER ITS  
OVERHAUL.

THE SQUADRON COMMANDER'S SKUA WAS STANDING BY THE HANGARS, HIGHLY  
POLISHED AFTER ITS OVERHAUL.

I'D BETTER  
PUT MY GLOVES ON.  
DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANY  
SMUDGES ON THAT  
LOVELY FINISH.

THE C.O.  
CARRIES HIS OWN  
PRIVATE DUSTER, SIR.  
THE APPLE OF HIS  
EYE, THAT KITE  
IS.

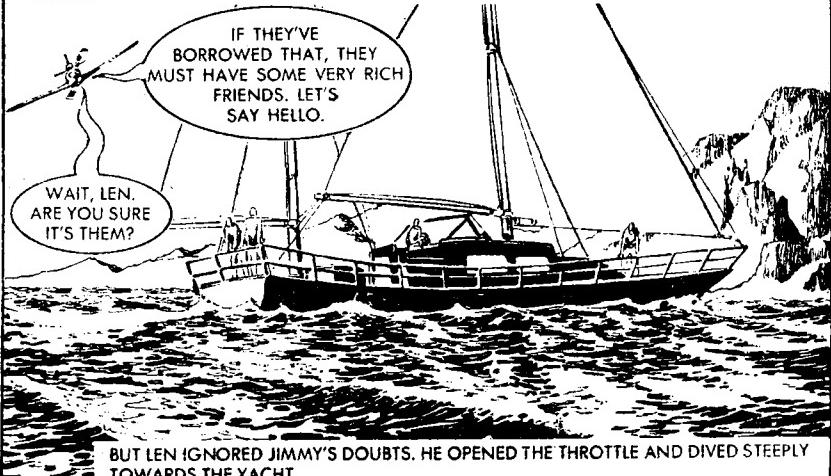
THE AIR TEST DID NOT TAKE LONG, AND AFTER HE HAD CHECKED THAT EVERYTHING WAS IN WORKING ORDER, LEN HEADED FOR THE COAST TO TRY AND FIND THEIR FRIENDS FROM THE SQUADRON.



AN HOUR PAST, LEN SPOTTED A HOLE OF WATER WHICH WAS CLOSED TO CIVILIANS. WHEN JIMMY SPOTTED A BOAT HE WAS SURE THEIR FRIENDS WERE ON IT.



LEN SAW THE POSH YACHT AND DECIDED TO GIVE THE MEN ON BOARD A BIT OF A SHOCK.



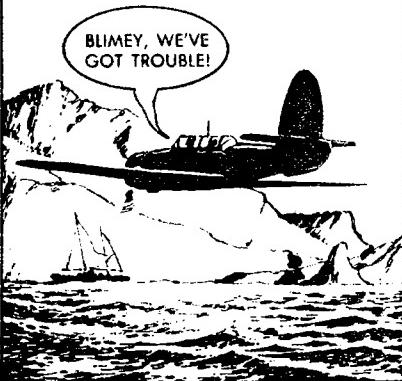
THE SKUA CAME OUT OF ITS DIVE ALMOST AT SEA LEVEL, THE BLAST OF ITS SLIPSTREAM CHURNING THE SURFACE OF THE WATER AS IT ROARED PAST.



LEN WAS IN HIS ELEMENT—BUT JIMMY WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIS ANTICS AS THE YACHT RAN INTO A SANDBANK.



THEY BANKED STEEPLY—THEN SUDDENLY THE ENGINE STOPPED.



REALISING THEY WERE FAR TOO LOW TO REACH THE COAST, LEN HEADED FOR THE STRANDED BOAT.



THE SKUA TOUCHED DOWN SMOOTHLY AND SKIDDED TO A HALT IN THE SHALLOWS, JUST SHORT OF THE BOAT. HOWEVER, THERE WAS AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE TWO JOKERS . . .



THEY COULD NOT BELIEVE THEIR BAD LUCK.

OF ALL THE  
BLITHERING, STUPID  
IDIOTS!

NOW I  
KNOW HOW THE  
TROOPS FEEL WHEN THEY  
GO OVER THE  
TOP . . .

THE BOAT WAS OWNED BY CAPTAIN HOPKIN, R.N., WHO HAD INVITED THE ADMIRAL AND SOME FRIENDS FOR A DAY'S CRUISING. AND HE WAS FURIOUS ABOUT THE WHOLE SITUATION.

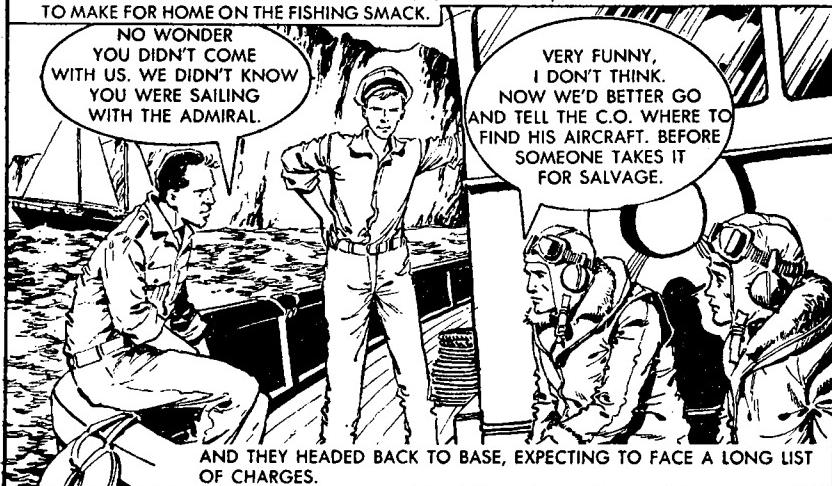
WE'VE GOT  
TO FLOAT HER  
BEFORE THE TIDE TURNS.  
THERE'S A STORM  
FORECAST FOR  
TONIGHT.

I HOPE  
YOU'RE WELL INSURED,  
OLD BOY. SHE ISN'T  
BUDGING AN  
INCH . . .

FORTUNATELY, IN THE NICK OF TIME, THEY WERE HAILED FROM A BATTERED OLD FISHING BOAT, CREWED BY THE OTHER PILOTS ON THEIR FISHING TRIP.



WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE YOUNG SQUADRON OFFICERS' HIRED BOAT, THE CAPTAIN'S YACHT WAS REFLOATED AND HE AND HIS GUESTS DEPARTED, LEAVING LEN AND JIMMY TO MAKE FOR HOME ON THE FISHING SMACK.



BUT FATE SMILED UPON THE TWO YOUNG MEN, AS A COURT OF ENQUIRY ESTABLISHED THAT THE ENGINE FAILURE WAS NOT THE FAULT OF THE PILOT.



LIFE WAS UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE TWO DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, THEN LEN SAW A NOTICE ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS WITH FLOATPLANE EXPERIENCE.



JIMMY FINALLY ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE PERSUADED, AS LEN WAS SO KEEN TO GET AWAY FROM THE SQUADRON. SO THEY WENT TO SEE THE COMMANDER.



TO THEIR SURPRISE, THE ADMIRAL RAISED NO OBJECTIONS, AND THEIR POSTINGS CAME THROUGH WITH UNUSUAL SPEED. BUT THERE WAS BAD NEWS TO COME . . .



HOWEVER, IT WAS TOO LATE TO WITHDRAW THE APPLICATIONS. THEY PROCEEDED TO PACK FOR THEIR TRIP IN LOW SPIRITS.



IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEY REPORTED TO THE CRUISER THAT THEY REALISED WHY THE ADMIRAL HAD BEEN SO ACCOMODATING. THEIR CAPTAIN WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE SAME CAPTAIN HOPKIN WHOSE YACHT THEY HAD DRIVEN AROUND TWO WEEKS PREVIOUSLY. AND IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HOPKIN WAS NOT PLEASED TO SEE THEM.



CAPTAIN HOPKIN MADE NO SECRET OF HIS ANNOYANCE. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO MAKE CHANGES, FOR THE CRUISER WAS ALREADY UNDER ORDERS TO SAIL.



THEY SOON LEARNED FROM THE OTHER OFFICERS THAT THE CAPTAIN HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS CAREER IN BATTLESHIPS, AND HE HAD A POOR OPINION OF AIRCRAFT AS A WEAPON.

MIND YOU,  
LOOKING AT THAT  
MUSEUM PIECE I TEND TO  
AGREE WITH THE CAPTAIN.  
IT'S HARDLY IN  
THE SPITFIRE  
CLASS.

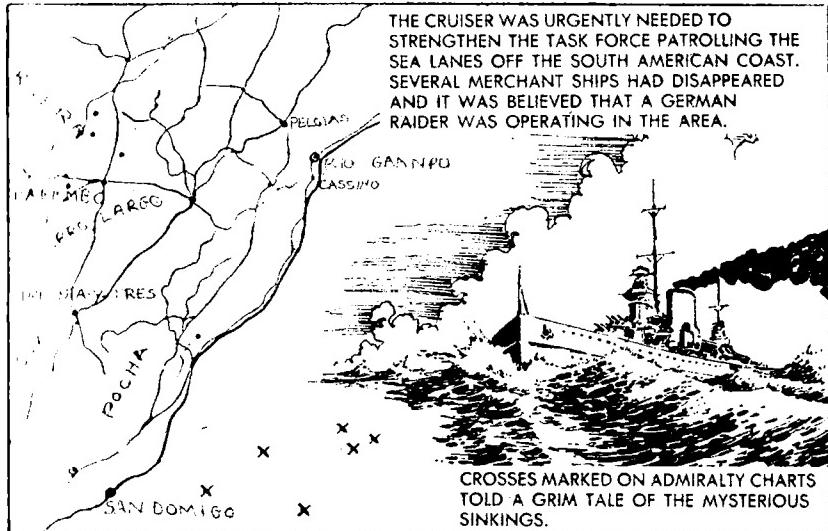
DEPENDS ON  
WHERE YOU ARE. A  
SPITFIRE ISN'T MUCH  
GOOD AT LANDING  
ON THE WATER!

DURING THE LONG VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA THERE WAS LITTLE FOR THE TWO AIRMEN TO DO. THEY SPENT MOST OF THEIR TIME LOAFING AROUND.

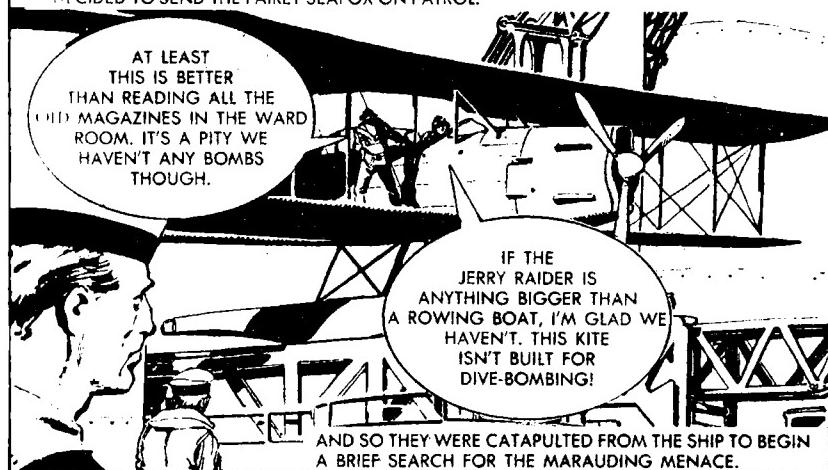
DID YOU ASK  
ABOUT SOME PRACTICE  
LAUNCHES, TO MAKE SURE  
EVERYTHING'S WORKING  
PROPERLY?

I'M SICK  
OF ASKING. THE  
ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE  
SAME—" THERE ISN'T TIME TO  
PLAY AROUND PICKING UP  
AIRCRAFT, WE'RE IN  
A HURRY!"

THE CAPTAIN WAS NOT INTENTIONALLY DEPRIVING THE TWO YOUNG LIEUTENANTS OF SOME ACTION. THERE WAS A GOOD REASON FOR THEIR HASTE.



AND ON BOARD THE CRUISER IT LOOKED AS IF LEN AND JIMMY WOULD FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE THEIR WORTH. FOR AS THEY NEARED THE DANGER AREA, HOPKIN DECIDED TO SEND THE FAIREY SEAFOX ON PATROL.



BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED WITHOUT A SINGLE SIGHTING REPORTED, THE CAPTAIN'S OPINION OF AIRCRAFT WORSENED STILL.

ANOTHER  
WASTED TRIP,  
SIR.

BAH! THEY  
COULDN'T FIND A  
SARDINE IN A BOWL OF  
PORRIDGE! AIRCRAFT LIKE THAT  
SHOULD NEVER HAVE  
BEEN INVENTED.

THEN AN INTERRUPTED S.O.S. WAS PICKED UP. AND THE VICTIM WAS A BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP.

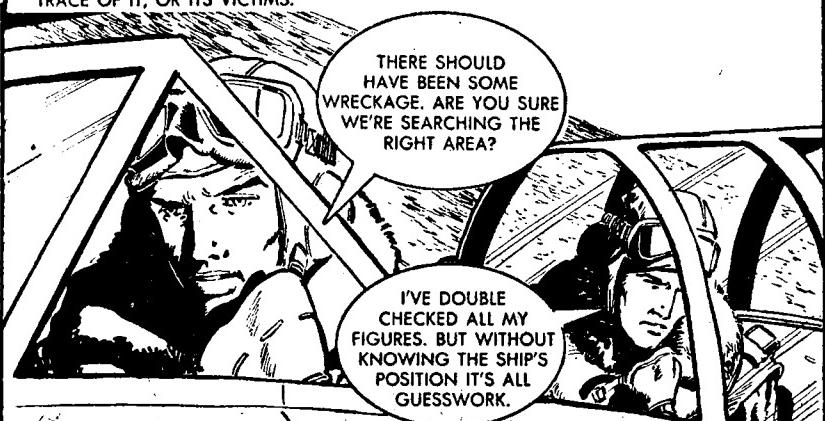
THE MESSAGE  
SAYS THEY'RE BEING  
ATTACKED BY AN ENEMY  
BATTLE-CRUISER, SIR. BUT  
WE DON'T KNOW HER  
POSITION.

BATTLE-CRUISER,  
EH? THAT COULD GIVE US  
QUITE A FIGHT . . .

A BEARING HAD BEEN TAKEN ON THE S.O.S. MESSAGE. AND DESPITE THE ODDS AGAINST HIM, CAPTAIN HOPKIN ALTERED COURSE IMMEDIATELY TO SEEK THE RAIDER.

WE MIGHT  
BE ABLE TO DO  
SOME DAMAGE AND DELAY  
HER UNTIL THE REST OF  
OUR TASK FORCE  
ARRIVES.

LEN AND JIMMY WERE LAUNCHED TO SHADOW THE ENEMY SHIP. BUT THEY FOUND NO TRACE OF IT, OR ITS VICTIMS.



THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SOME WRECKAGE. ARE YOU SURE WE'RE SEARCHING THE RIGHT AREA?

I'VE DOUBLE CHECKED ALL MY FIGURES. BUT WITHOUT KNOWING THE SHIP'S POSITION IT'S ALL GUESSWORK.

UNFORTUNATELY THE BEARING OBTAINED ON THE S.O.S. GAVE NO INDICATION OF THE RANGE, THUS INCREASING JIMMY'S DIFFICULTIES IN TRYING TO PINPOINT THE ENEMY RAIDER.

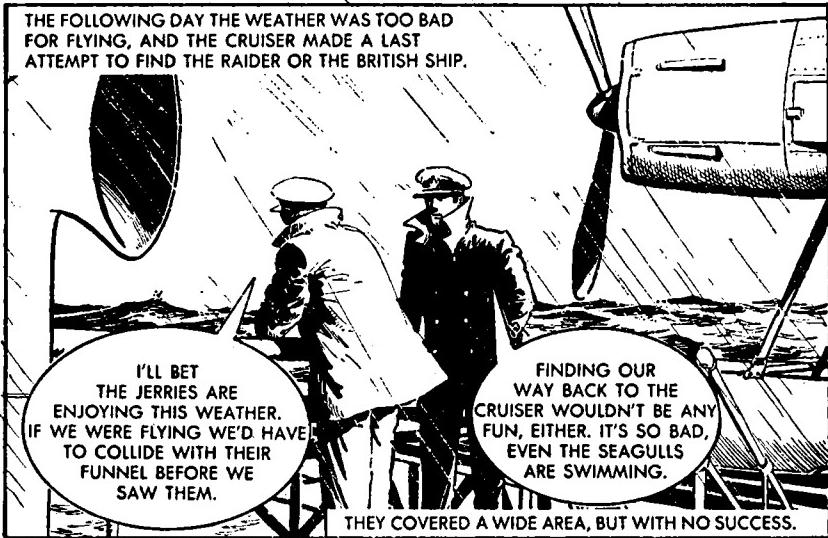
THEY RETURNED AFTER THEIR FRUITLESS QUEST AND REPORTED TO AN ANGRY CAPTAIN HOPKIN WHO HAD DECIDED TO CALL OFF THE SEARCH FOR THE GERMAN MYSTERY SHIP.



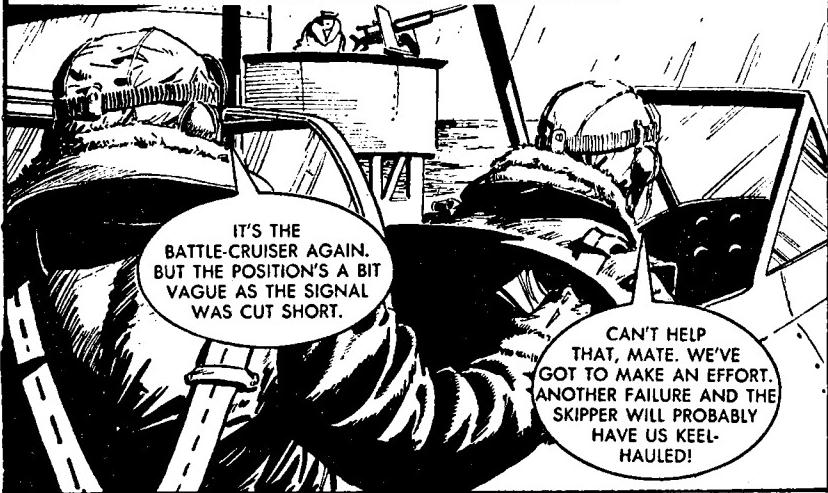
THERE'S NO MOON TONIGHT, SIR, BUT WE COULD TAKE OFF AGAIN AT FIRST LIGHT FOR ANOTHER SEARCH.

BY THAT TIME THE RAIDER COULD BE THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY. NO, I'M AFRAID WE'VE LOST HER FOR GOOD.

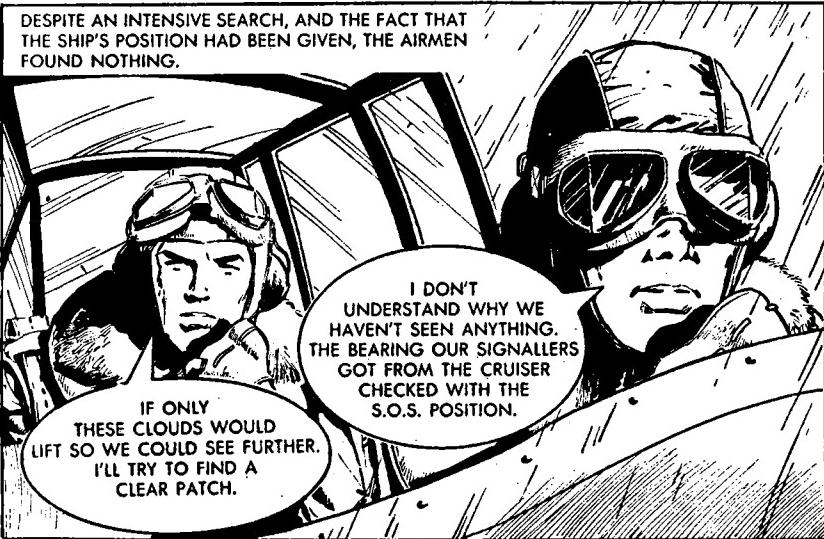
THE FOLLOWING DAY THE WEATHER WAS TOO BAD FOR FLYING, AND THE CRUISER MADE A LAST ATTEMPT TO FIND THE RAIDER OR THE BRITISH SHIP.



THE WEATHER HAD NOT IMPROVED MUCH WHEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, ANOTHER S.O.S. WAS RECEIVED. AND THIS TIME IT WAS DECIDED TO RISK THE SEAFOX—



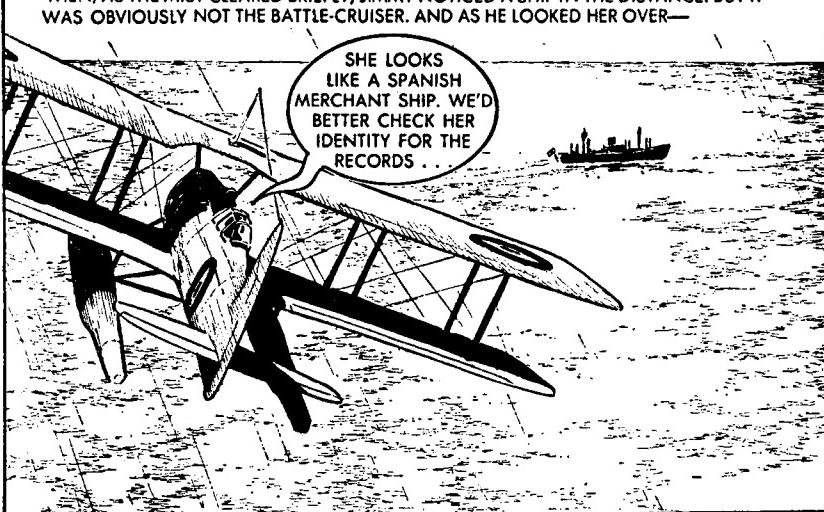
DESPITE AN INTENSIVE SEARCH, AND THE FACT THAT THE SHIP'S POSITION HAD BEEN GIVEN, THE AIRMEN FOUND NOTHING.



IF ONLY  
THESE CLOUDS WOULD  
LIFT SO WE COULD SEE FURTHER.  
I'LL TRY TO FIND A  
CLEAR PATCH.

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND WHY WE  
HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING.  
THE BEARING OUR SIGNALLERS  
GOT FROM THE CRUISER  
CHECKED WITH THE  
S.O.S. POSITION.

THEN, AS THE MIST CLEARED BRIEFLY, JIMMY NOTICED A SHIP IN THE DISTANCE. BUT IT WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT THE BATTLE-CRUISER. AND AS HE LOOKED HER OVER—



SHE LOOKS  
LIKE A SPANISH  
MERCHANT SHIP. WE'D  
BETTER CHECK HER  
IDENTITY FOR THE  
RECORDS . . .

THEY MADE A SWEEPING PASS OVER THE NEUTRAL MERCHANTMAN AND JIMMY NOTICED SOMETHING VERY UNUSUAL.

SKIPPER,  
I'M SURE I SAW  
SOME SEAMEN PAINTING HER  
HULL. FUNNY SORT OF WEATHER  
FOR THAT, DON'T  
YOU THINK?

WE'LL  
TAKE A CLOSER  
LOOK.

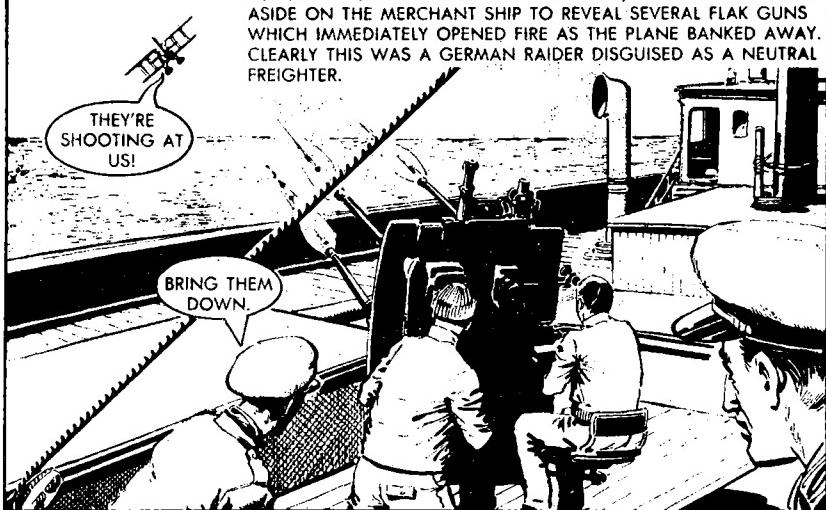
AS THE SEAFOX SWOOPED IN LOW OVER  
THE MYSTERY VESSEL, LEN SPOTTED THE  
NECESSARY EVIDENCE TO VERIFY  
JIMMY'S SUSPICIONS.

LOOK, A  
PROWLER!

YOU'RE RIGHT.  
THEY'RE DISGUIISING  
THEMSELVES! GET A SIGNAL  
OFF TO THE CRUISER,  
QUICKLY.



BUT BEFORE JIMMY COULD USE THE RADIO, DUMMY PANELS SLID ASIDE ON THE MERCHANT SHIP TO REVEAL SEVERAL FLAK GUNS WHICH IMMEDIATELY OPENED FIRE AS THE PLANE BANKED AWAY. CLEARLY THIS WAS A GERMAN RAIDER DISGUISED AS A NEUTRAL FREIGHTER.

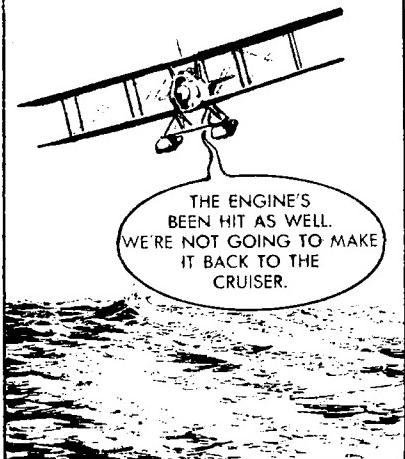


ONLY LEN'S RAZOR SHARP REFLEXES SAVED THEM FROM BEING BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY.



AND SO THEY HEADED BACK TO THE CRUISER—THE AIRCRAFT SEEMINGLY SUFFERING ONLY SUPERFICIAL DAMAGE.

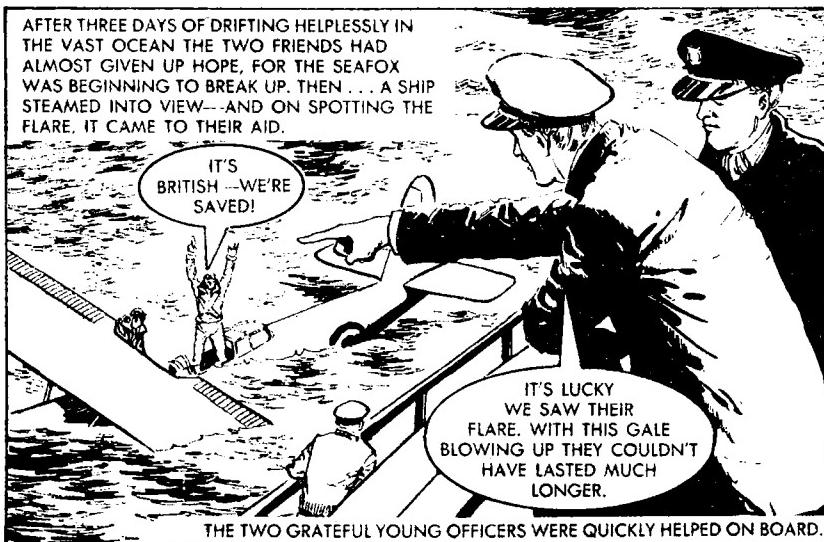
BUT ONE LOOK AT THE RADIO TOLD JIMMY IT WAS WRECKED. AND LEN HAD WORSE NEWS . . .



AFTER A FEW MILES THE ENGINE FINALLY GAVE A LAST SPLUTTER AND STOPPED. LEN PUT THE SEAFOX DOWN GENTLY ON THE WAVES.



AFTER THREE DAYS OF DRIFTING HELPLESSLY IN THE VAST OCEAN THE TWO FRIENDS HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE. FOR THE SEAFOX WAS BEGINNING TO BREAK UP. THEN . . . A SHIP STEAMED INTO VIEW--AND ON SPOTTING THE FLARE, IT CAME TO THEIR AID.

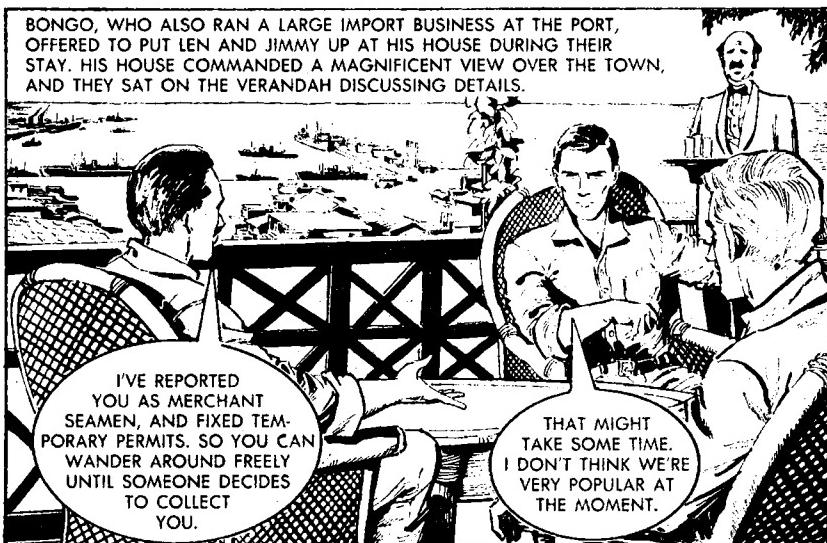
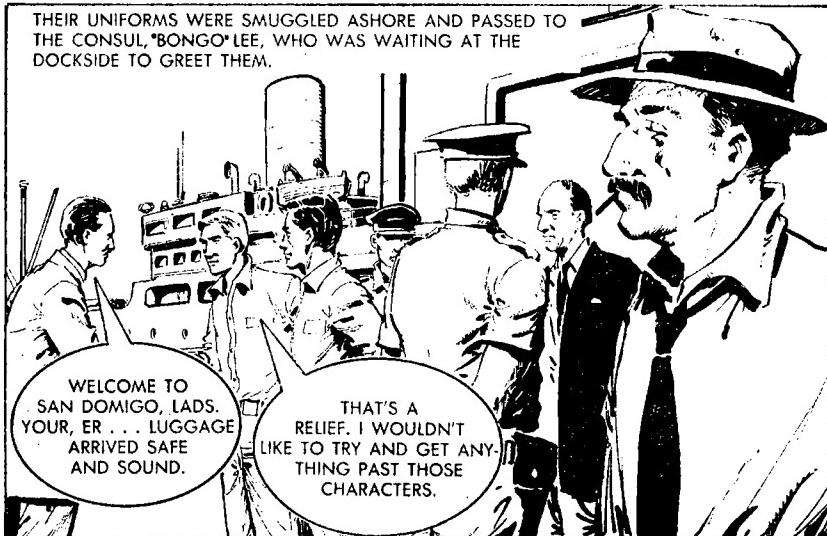


THE MERCHANT SKIPPER SIGNALLED THE CRUISER IMMEDIATELY. BUT HOPKIN'S FIRST CONCERN WAS THE ENEMY RAIDER—NOT THE TWO "USELESS LAYABOUTS" STRANDED WITHOUT AN AIRCRAFT.

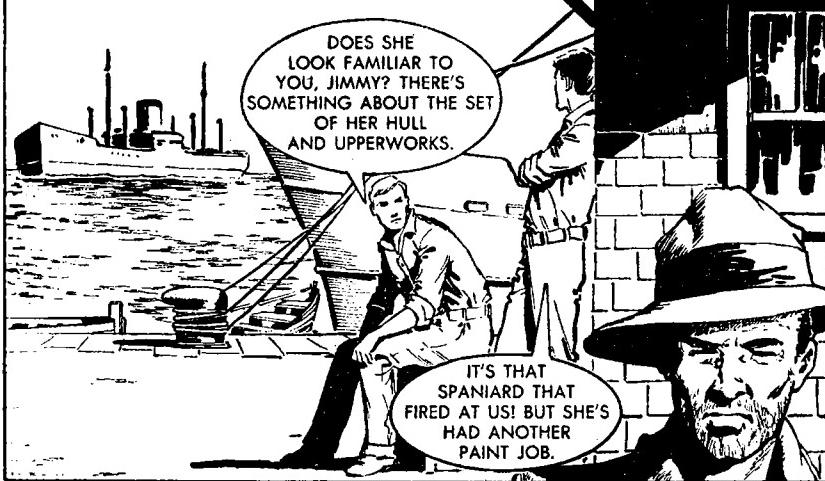


BEFORE PUTTING THEM ASHORE, THE FRIENDLY SKIPPER WARNED THAT, AS SAN DOMIGO WAS NEUTRAL, THEY COULD BE INTERNED.

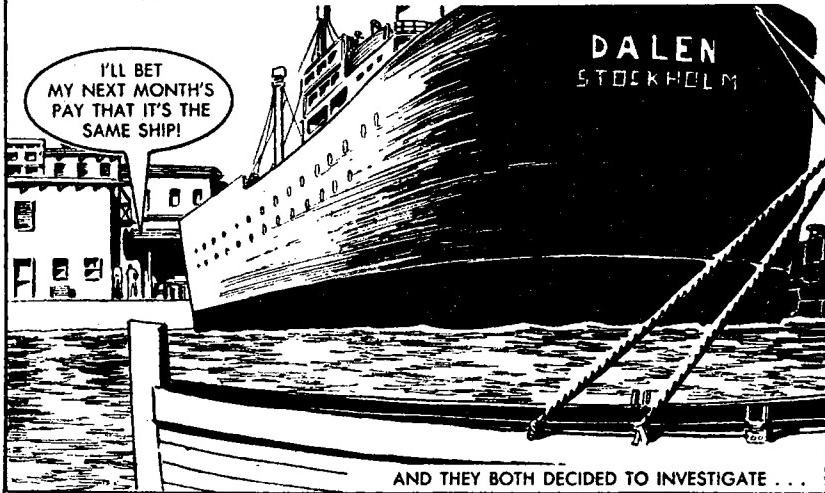




EVERY DAY LEN AND JIMMY VISITED THE DOCKS, PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION TO THE SHIPPING. AND ONE MORNING, AS A NEW ARRIVAL STEAMED IN—



THE SHIP, NOW BEARING THE NAME OF "DALEN" AND ALLEGEDLY SAILING OUT OF STOCKHOLM, ANCHORED AT THE REFUELING JETTY ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE HARBOUR.



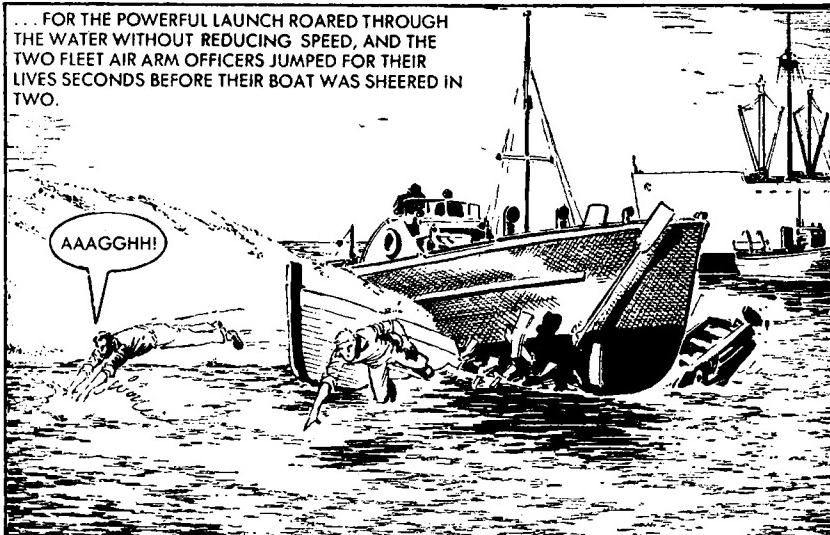
BONGO HAD GIVEN THEM ENOUGH MONEY TO HIRE A SMALL ROWING BOAT. BUT THE DALEN'S CREW DID NOT ENCOURAGE VISITORS.



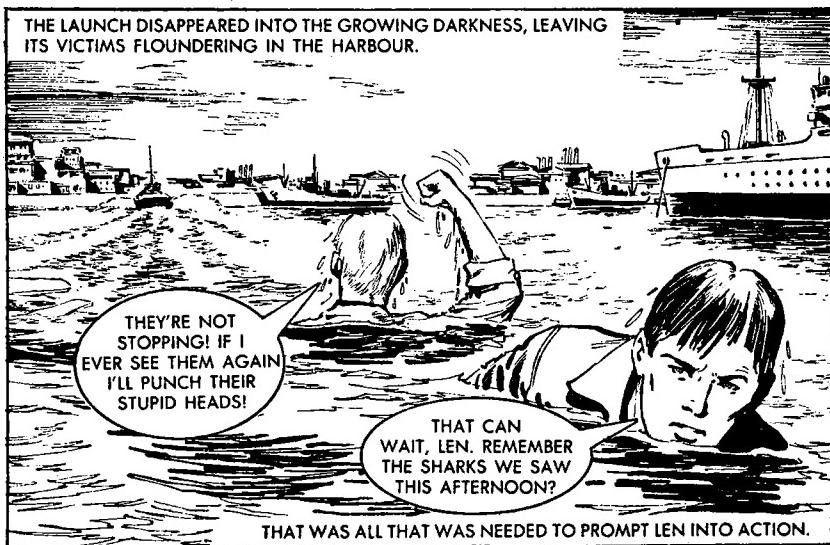
IT WAS GETTING DARK AS THEY RETURNED ACROSS THE HARBOUR, BUT THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE A LAUNCH APPROACHING.



... FOR THE POWERFUL LAUNCH ROARED THROUGH THE WATER WITHOUT REDUCING SPEED, AND THE TWO FLEET AIR ARM OFFICERS JUMPED FOR THEIR LIVES SECONDS BEFORE THEIR BOAT WAS SHEERED IN TWO.

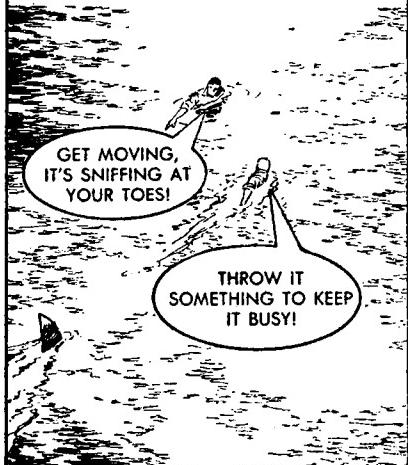


THE LAUNCH DISAPPEARED INTO THE GROWING DARKNESS, LEAVING ITS VICTIMS FLOUNDERING IN THE HARBOUR.



THAT WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO PROMPT LEN INTO ACTION.

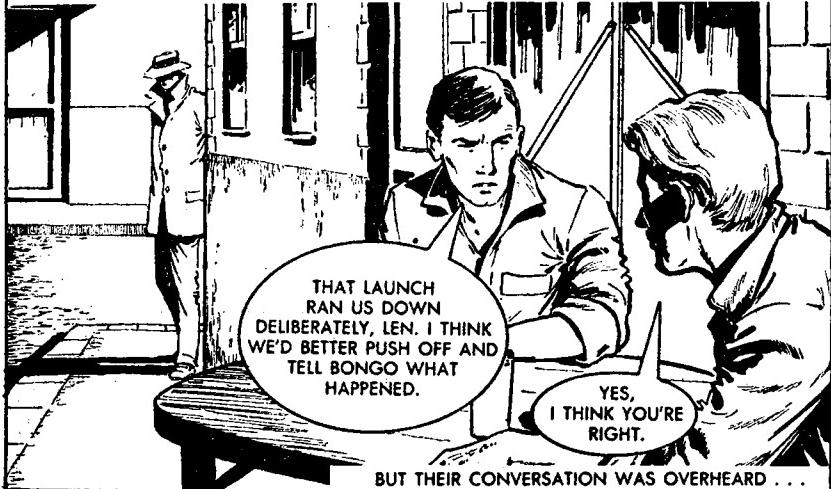
LUCKILY THE HARBOUR SHARKS WERE WELL-FED AND ONLY REMOTELY INTERESTED IN THE TWO SWIMMERS.

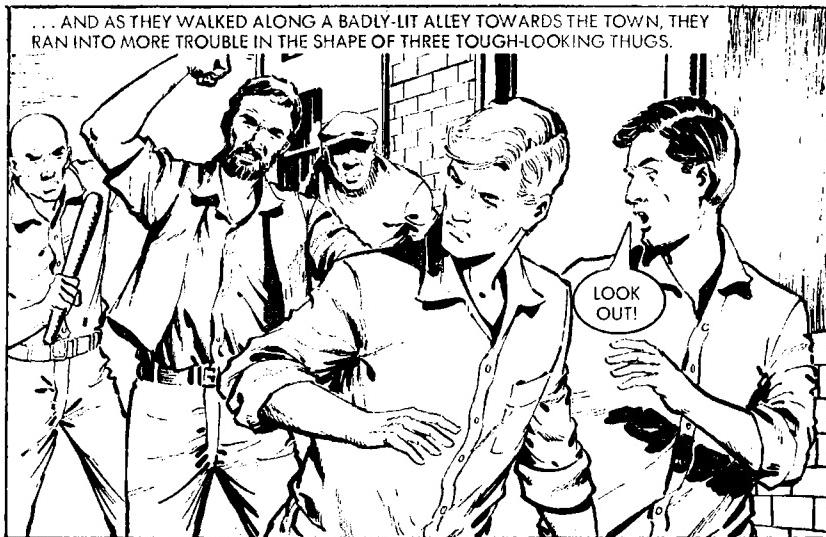


BUT LEN WAS A STRONG SWIMMER  
AND WAS SOON AT HIS FRIEND'S  
HEELS.

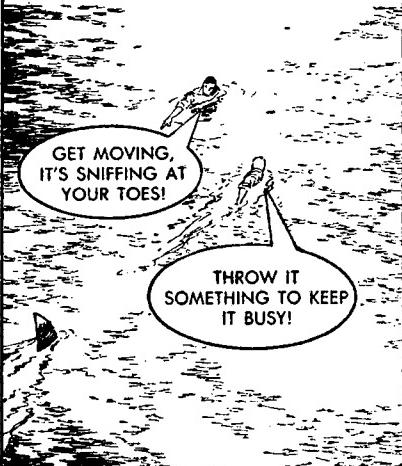


BECAUSE THEIR WET CLOTHES WERE ATTRACTING ATTENTION, THEY FOUND A SMALL, INCONSPICUOUS DOCKSIDE BAR AND STEADIED THEIR NERVES WITH A STIFF DRINK.





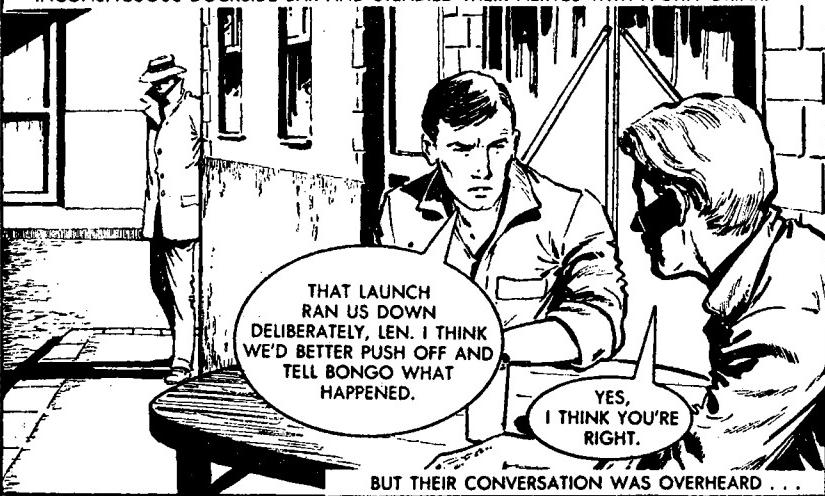
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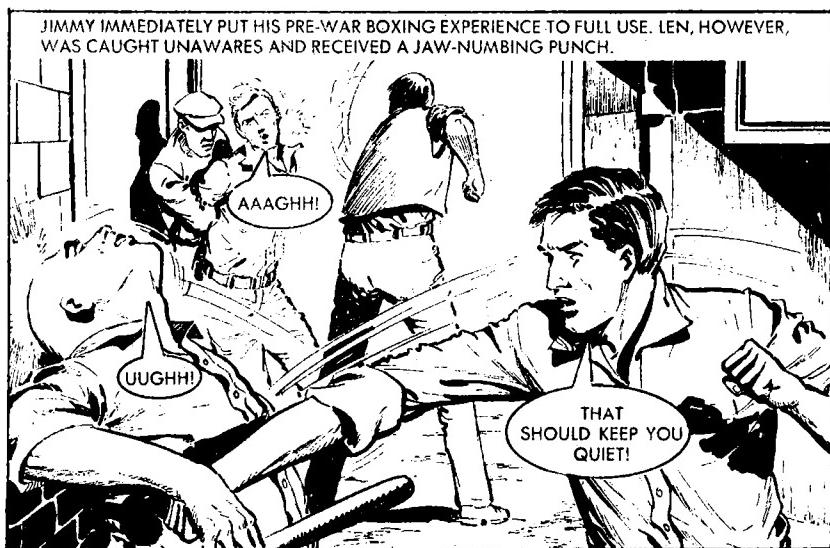
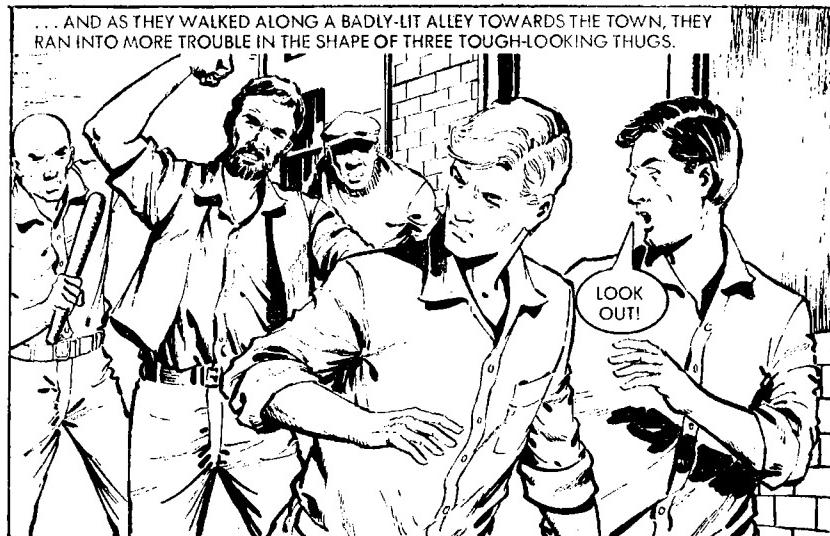


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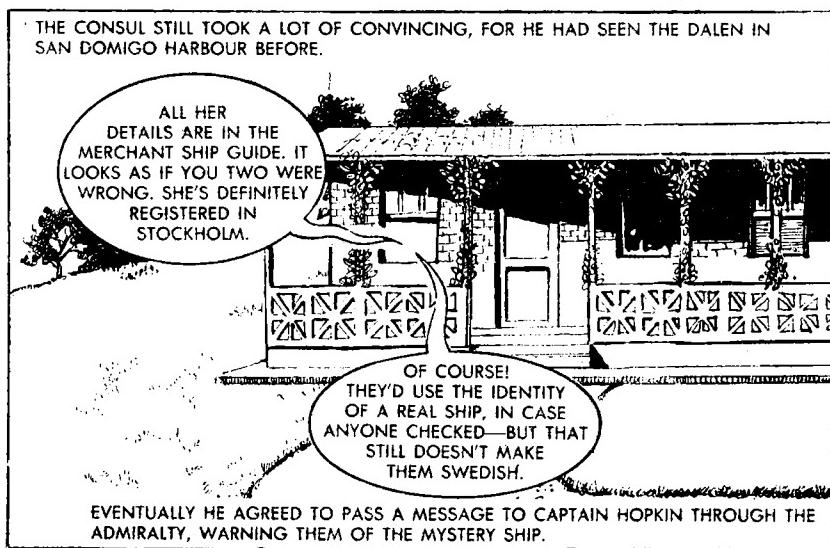
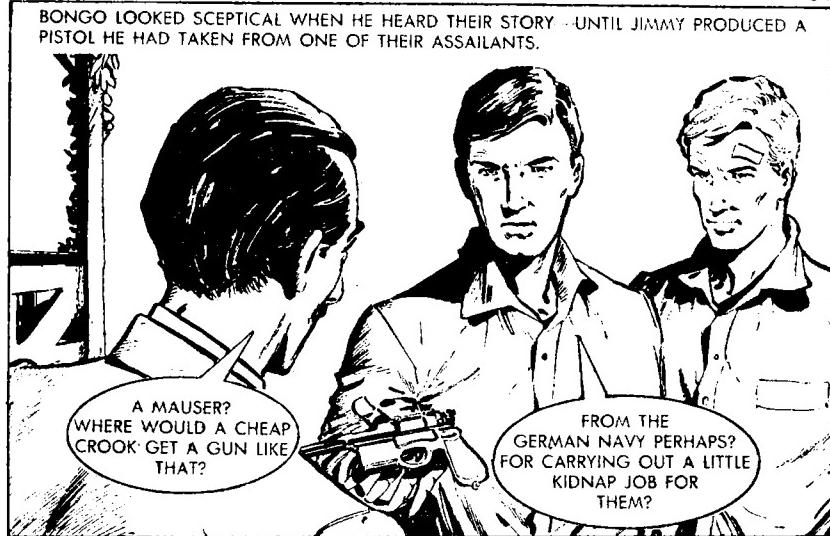


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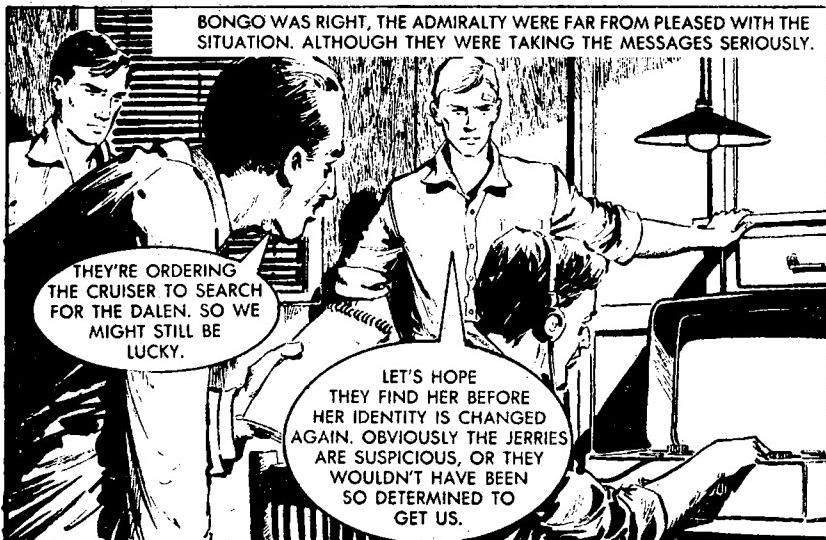




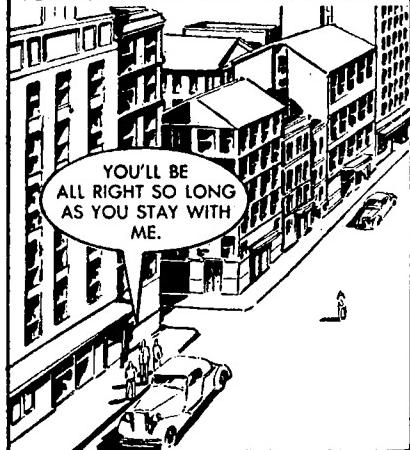




BUT THE NEXT DAY THE DALEN HAD DEPARTED AFTER COMPLETING HER REFUELING DURING THE NIGHT.



THAT AFTERNOON, LEN AND JIMMY ACCOMPANIED BONGO TO HIS OFFICE, AS HE CONSIDERED IT WAS NO LONGER SAFE FOR THEM TO WANDER IN THE TOWN.



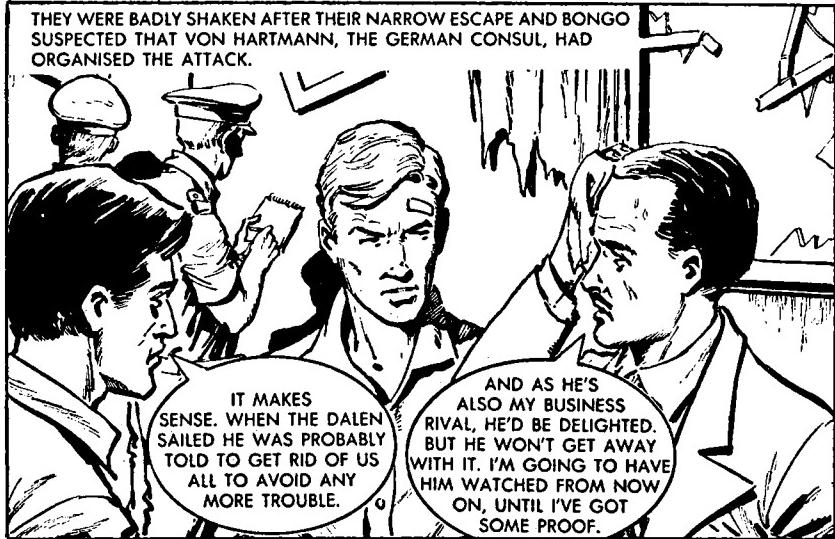
HE SPOKE TOO SOON . . .



A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER, THE GRENADE EXPLODED, HURTLING THE DESK ACROSS THE SMALL OFFICE JUST AS JIMMY DIVED TO PUSH BONGO CLEAR OF THE BLAST.



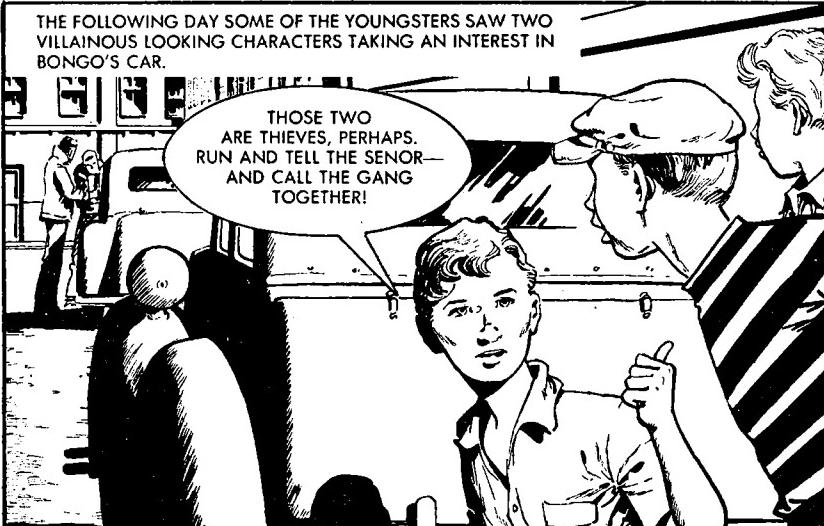
THEY WERE BADLY SHAKEN AFTER THEIR NARROW ESCAPE AND BONGO SUSPECTED THAT VON HARTMANN, THE GERMAN CONSUL, HAD ORGANISED THE ATTACK.



THERE WAS A STRONG BOND BETWEEN BONGO AND THE LOCAL URCHINS, AND HE ARRANGED FOR THEM TO SPY ON THE GERMAN CONSUL.



THE FOLLOWING DAY SOME OF THE YOUNGSTERS SAW TWO VILLAINOUS LOOKING CHARACTERS TAKING AN INTEREST IN BONGO'S CAR.



THOSE TWO  
ARE THIEVES, PERHAPS.  
RUN AND TELL THE SENOR—  
AND CALL THE GANG  
TOGETHER!

AFTER TAMPERING WITH THE CAR, THE TWO MEN MOVED OFF—ONLY TO BE POUNCED ON BY THE GANG.



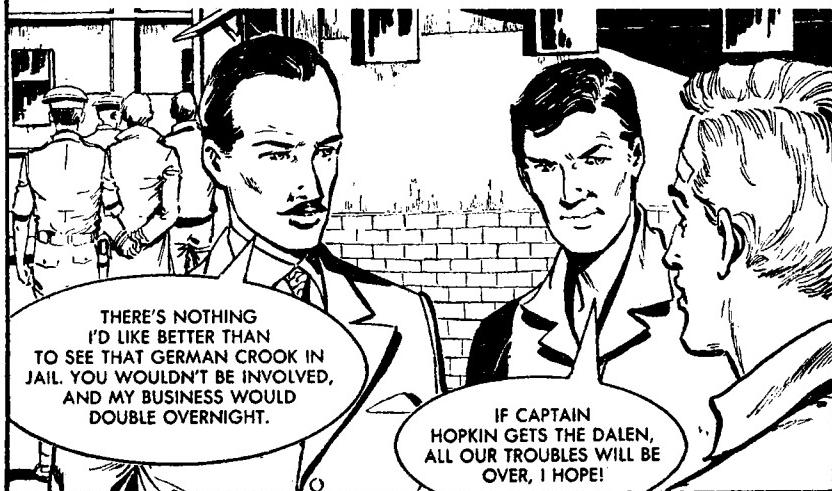
AAAGHH!

AND THEY MADE SHORT WORK OF THE TWO CROOKS.

WHEN BONGO ARRIVED WITH THE POLICE, THEY DISCOVERED THAT THE CAR HAD BEEN TURNED INTO A DEATH TRAP . . .



IF THE CULPRITS HAD BEEN EMPLOYED BY VON HARTMANN, BONGO KNEW THE POLICE WOULD BE FORCED TO TAKE ACTION.



THAT NIGHT A SIGNAL FROM LONDON DASHED THEIR HOPES. CAPTAIN HOPKIN HAD INTERCEPTED THE DALEN . . .



THE SHIP WAS SEARCHED, IT'S PAPERS CHECKED, AND IT'S PERFECTLY GENUINE. CAPTAIN HOPKIN WOULD BE OBLIGED IF NO MORE OF HIS TIME IS WASTED WITH FALSE ALARMS.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THE DALEN ISN'T A GERMAN SHIP, WHY HAVE WE HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE?

IT WAS JIMMY WHO HIT ON THE ANSWER - THAT THE CRUISER HAD INTERCEPTED THE REAL DALEN, AND NOT THE DISGUISED GERMAN.

SO OF COURSE THEY FOUND NOTHING WRONG! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW WE'D EVER CONVINCE CAPTAIN HOPKIN.

ANYWAY, THE FAKE DALEN IS PROBABLY DISGUISED AS SOMETHING ELSE BY NOW.

THE GERMANS HAD FLOWN THE COOP, LEAVING JIMMY AND LEN IN A HOPELESS SITUATION.

I DOUBT IF IT WILL BE DISGUISED. THEY'VE PROBABLY LINKED UP WITH THEIR BATTLE CRUISER TO HUNT FOR NEW VICTIMS.

AND THEY'RE SAFE, UNLESS OUR SHIPS INTERCEPT THEM BY ACCIDENT!

BUT THERE WAS MORE BAD NEWS TO COME. THE TWO WOULD-BE ASSASSINS WHO HAD BOOBY-TRAPPED BONGO'S CAR WERE REPORTED TO HAVE ESCAPED FROM CUSTODY.



WHEN HE MADE ENQUIRIES THERE SEEMED NO DOUBT THAT VON HARTMANN WAS INVOLVED IN THE ESCAPE.



IT SEEMED FUTILE TO CHASE THE GERMANS, WHO HAD A DAY'S START.



BONGO EXPLAINED THAT AN ENGLISHMAN, NICKNAMED "THE DUKE", USED TO RUN A MAIL SERVICE FROM A SMALL AIRSTRIP NOT FAR AWAY.



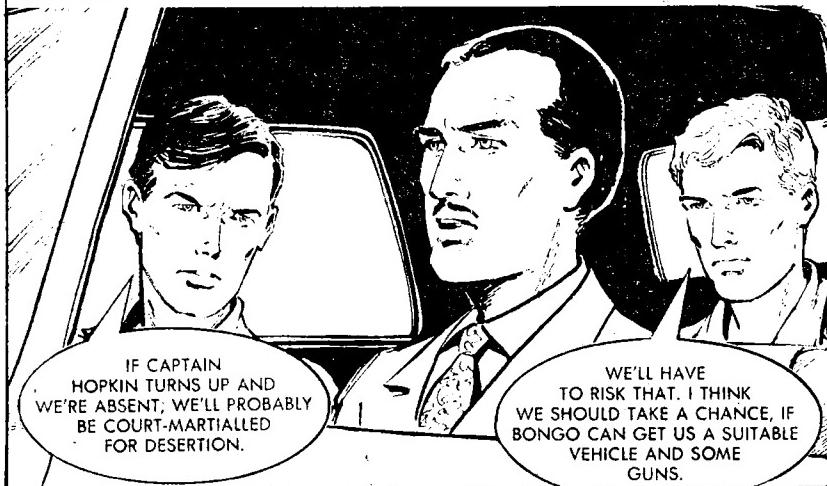
UNFORTUNATELY THE DUKE WAS ILL WITH FEVER, AS HE EXPLAINED WHEN THEY FOUND HIS HACIENDA.



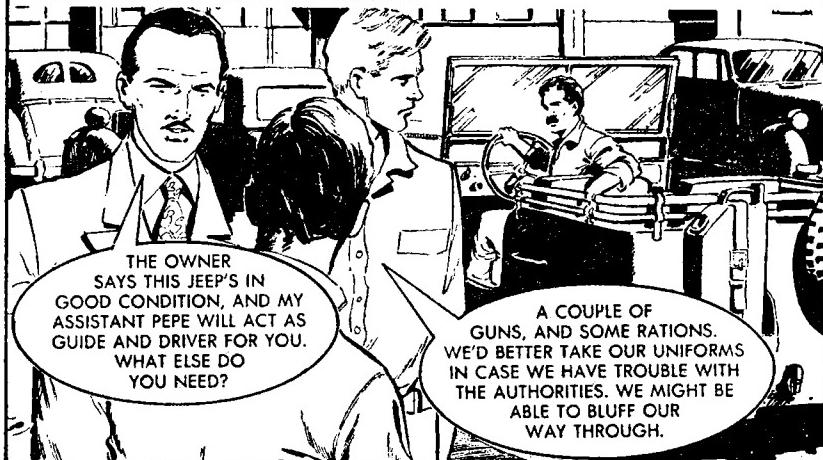
THE JOURNEY WAS NOT ENTIRELY WASTED, HOWEVER, BECAUSE THE DUKE REMEMBERED THAT VON HARTMANN OWNED A PLANTATION FURTHER ALONG THE COAST.



HERE WAS THEIR CHANCE OF TRACING THE GERMAN. AND LEN WAS ALL FOR SETTING OUT AT ONCE.



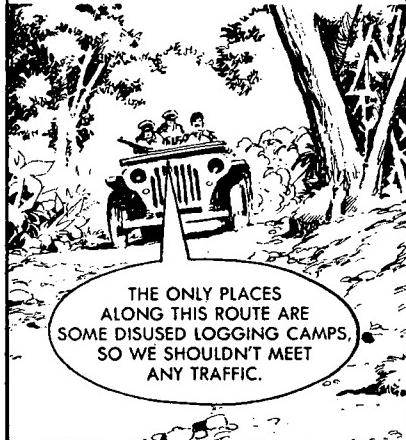
BONGO DID NOT RELISH THE THOUGHT OF USING HIS CAR FOR THE DANGEROUS TRIP. BUT WHEN HE REALISED THEY DID NOT WANT TO USE HIS PRECIOUS VEHICLE, HE AGREED EAGERLY TO ASSIST IN ANY WAY HE COULD.



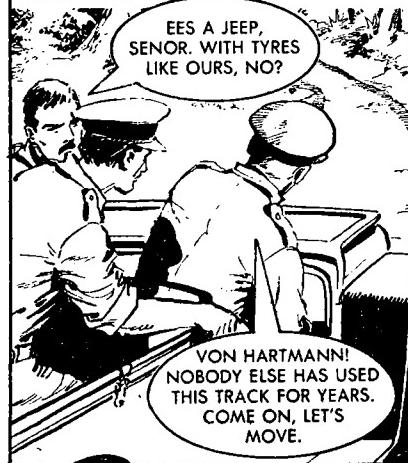
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WITH PEPE TO DRIVE THEM, THEY WERE READY TO FIND VON HARTMANN'S PLANTATION.



THERE WERE NO ROADS LEADING ALONG THE COAST, BUT THEY PICKED UP A TRACK FROM THE MAP AND FOLLOWED IT HOPEFULLY.



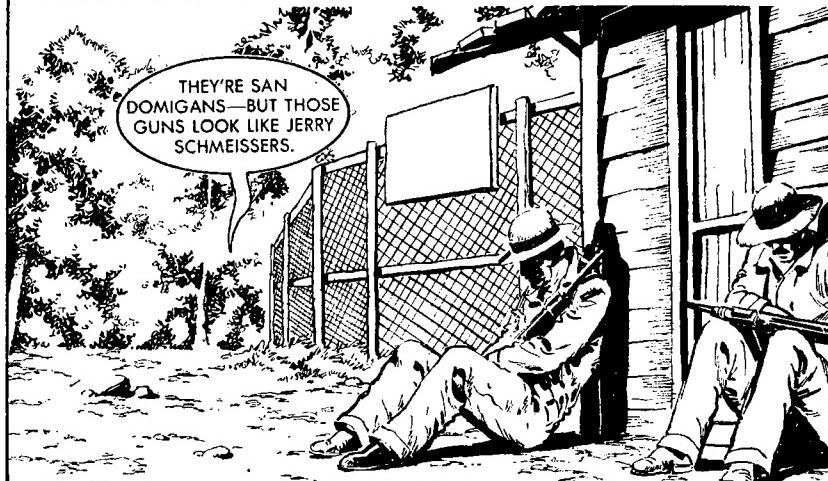
SEVERAL MILES PAST THE LOGGING CAMP, THEY STOPPED TO EXAMINE SOME RECENT TYRE PRINTS.



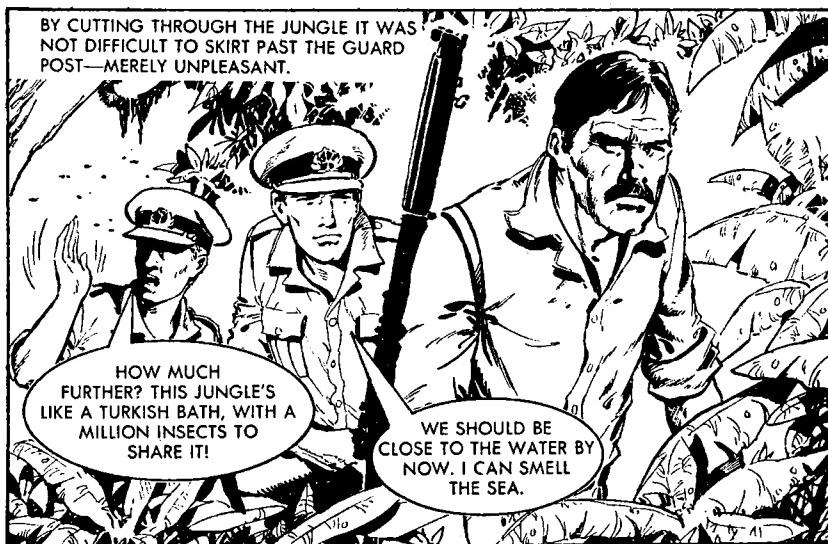
WHEN THEY DREW NEAR THE COAST AND THE PLANTATION, PEPE SUGGESTED THEY SHOULD CONTINUE ON FOOT.



THEY HID THE JEEP AND WALKED—WHICH WAS JUST AS WELL, FOR THE PLANTATION BOUNDARY FENCE WAS WELL GUARDED.



BY CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO SKIRT PAST THE GUARD POST—MERELY UNPLEASANT.



EVENTUALLY THEY REACHED THE SEA.



THEY APPROACHED THE BUILDINGS CAUTIOUSLY, SINCE THE JEEP PARKED OUTSIDE INDICATED THAT SOMEONE WAS AROUND.



TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT, TWO LARGE COMPOUNDS BEYOND THE PLANTATION BUILDINGS HELD A NUMBER OF PRISONERS.

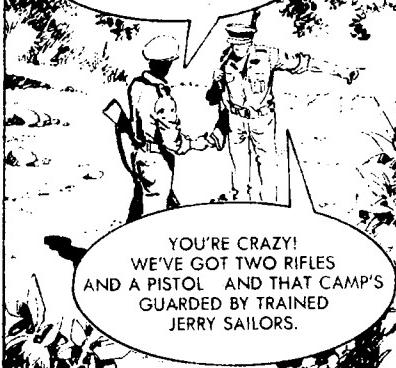


THE CAPTURED SEAMEN WERE IN TWO COMPOUNDS, ONE FOR OFFICERS AND THE OTHER FOR RATINGS, PROTECTED BY WIRE FENCES AND ARMED GUARDS.



... WHILE LEN EXPLAINED TO THE DUBIOUS JIMMY.

LISTEN, IF WE RELEASE THE PRISONERS WE CAN TAKE OVER THE CAMP BEFORE ANY SHIPS ARRIVE.

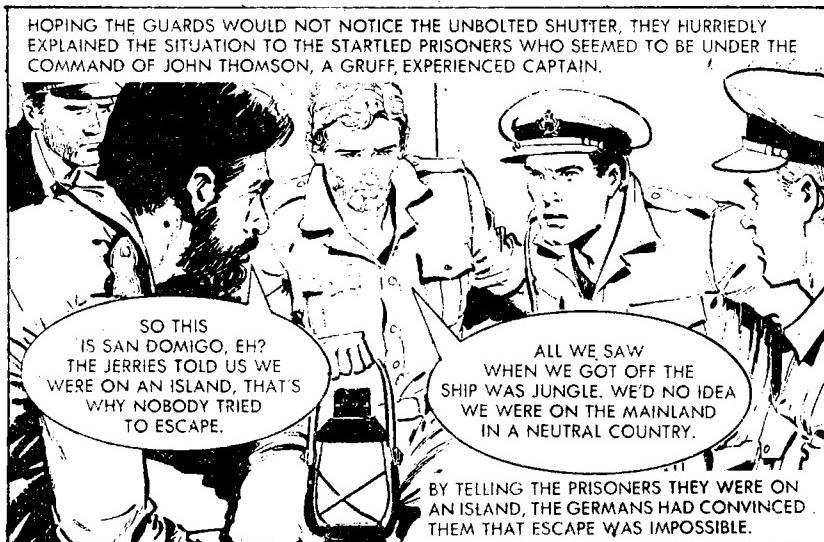


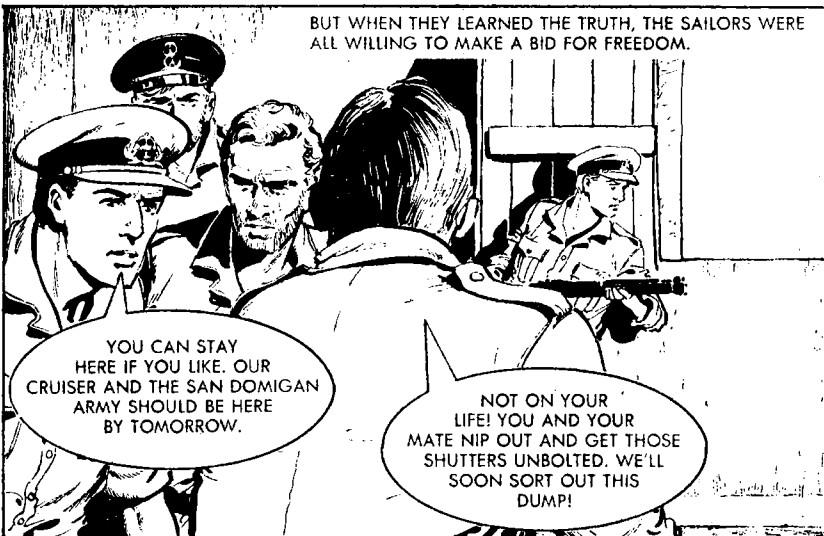
LEN ARGUED THAT THE GUARDS WERE THERE TO KEEP THE PRISONERS IN, NOT TO KEEP OTHER PEOPLE OUT.



THE GUARDS, AS LEN HAD EXPECTED, WERE NOT VERY ALERT. THE TWO FRIENDS WRIGGLED CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE OFFICERS' COMPOUND.







THE STARTLED GERMANS HAD NO CHANCE TO USE THEIR GUNS. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THEY WERE OVERPOWERED.



A FEW OFFICERS REMAINED TO RELEASE THE RATING PRISONERS, WHILE THE OTHERS FOLLOWED LEN AND JIMMY TO THE GERMAN QUARTERS.



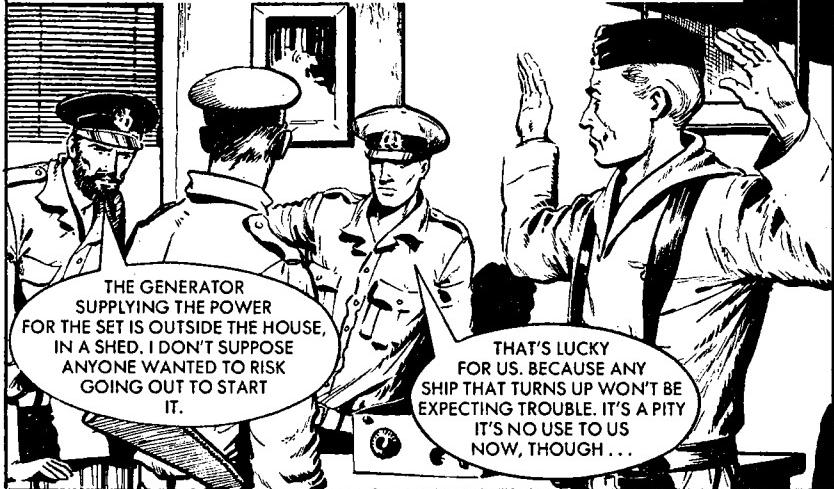
THE DOZEN OR SO GERMANS STILL AT LARGE WERE ALL IN THE PLANTATION HOUSE, WHICH WAS SOON SURROUNDED.



AFTER A BRIEF EXCHANGE OF FIRE THE GERMANS SURRENDERED, KNOWING THEY HAD NO HOPE OF ESCAPE.



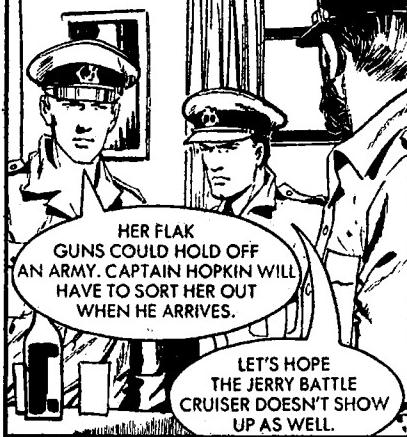
FORTUNATELY THE GERMANS HAD BEEN UNABLE TO USE THEIR WIRELESS IN ORDER TO SEND NEWS OF THEIR DEFEAT. BUT IT HAD BEEN EFFECTIVELY SABOTAGED.



BUT THERE WAS MORE NEWS FOR THEM TO PONDER OVER NOW.



BUT EVEN LEN WAS NOT AMBITIOUS ENOUGH TO THINK THEY COULD CAPTURE THE BOGUS DALEN, IF IT TURNED UP.



TO JIMMY'S SURPRISE, THE MERCHANT NAVY OFFICER KNEW OF NO BATTLE CRUISER.



HE EXPLAINED HOW THE APPARENTLY HARMLESS SHIP HAD FIRED TORPEDOES FROM TUBES IN HER HULL BELOW THE WATERLINE.



SUDDENLY JIMMY UNDERSTOOD—THERE WAS NO ENEMY BATTLE CRUISER. THE BRITISH WARSHIPS WERE HUNTING A PHANTOM.



IT WAS IMPORTANT TO WARN CAPTAIN HOPKIN OF THE RUSE, IN CASE HE INTERCEPTED THE ENEMY SHIP.

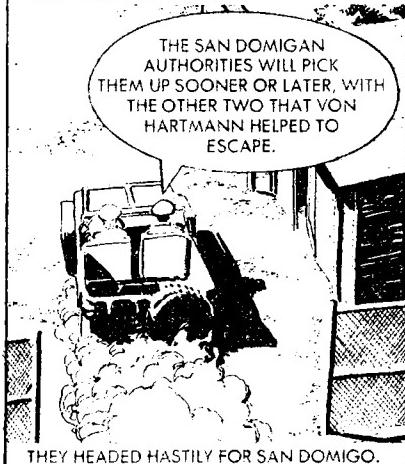


THE RELEASED PRISONERS AGREED TO WAIT UNTIL SOMEONE CAME TO PICK THEM UP, FOR THEY WERE IN NO FURTHER DANGER. AND THE TWO AIRMEN COMMANDEERED THE NAZI CONSUL'S JEEP.



THE TWO GUARDS ON THE BOUNDARY FENCE HAD LONG SINCE FLED, NOT THAT THEY WOULD GET FAR.

THE SAN DOMIGAN AUTHORITIES WILL PICK THEM UP SOONER OR LATER, WITH THE OTHER TWO THAT VON HARTMANN HELPED TO ESCAPE.

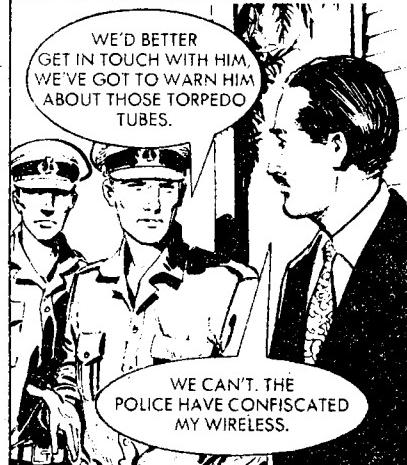


THEY HEADED HASTILY FOR SAN DOMIGO.

IN TOWN, BONGO LISTENED GRAVELY TO THEIR NEWS, THEN EXPLAINED THAT CAPTAIN HOPKIN WAS ALREADY ON HIS WAY.

WE'D BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM, WE'VE GOT TO WARN HIM ABOUT THOSE TORPEDO TUBES.

WE CAN'T. THE POLICE HAVE CONFISCATED MY WIRELESS.



BEFORE FLEEING, VON HARTMANN HAD MADE AN OFFICIAL COMPLAINT ON BEHALF OF HIS GOVERNMENT.



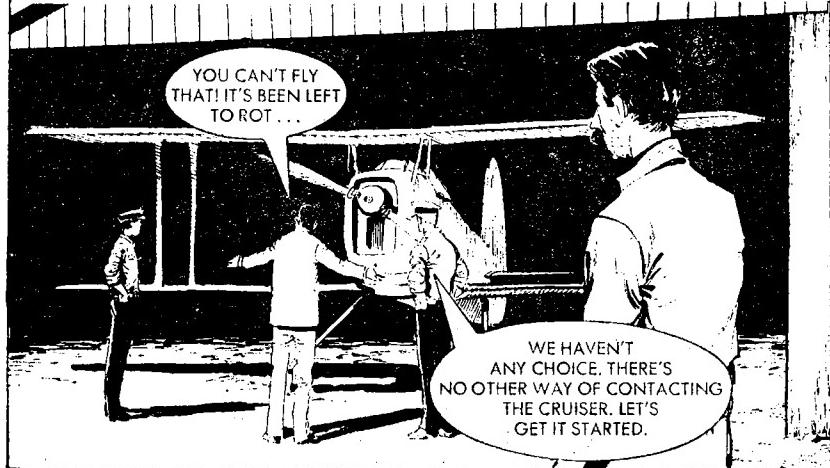
SUDDENLY JIMMY REMEMBERED THE DUKE'S AIRCRAFT, WHICH OFFERED THE ONLY WAY OF CONTACTING THE CRUISER.



THEY REACHED THE DUKE'S HACIENDA, ONLY TO LEARN THAT HE HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS ILLNESS AND WAS AWAY ON A HUNTING TRIP.



TO THEIR DISMAY, THE AIRCRAFT, AN AVRO CADET WHICH HAD OBVIOUSLY NEVER BEEN PROPERLY LOOKED AFTER, MADE A FAIREY SEAFOX LOOK LIKE A HIGH-SPEED FIGHTER.



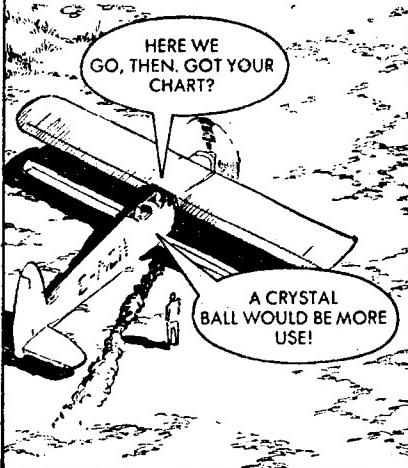
PUSHING THE DUSTY KITE INTO THE OPEN, THEY SET ABOUT THE HARD TASK OF TRYING TO MAKE IT FLY.



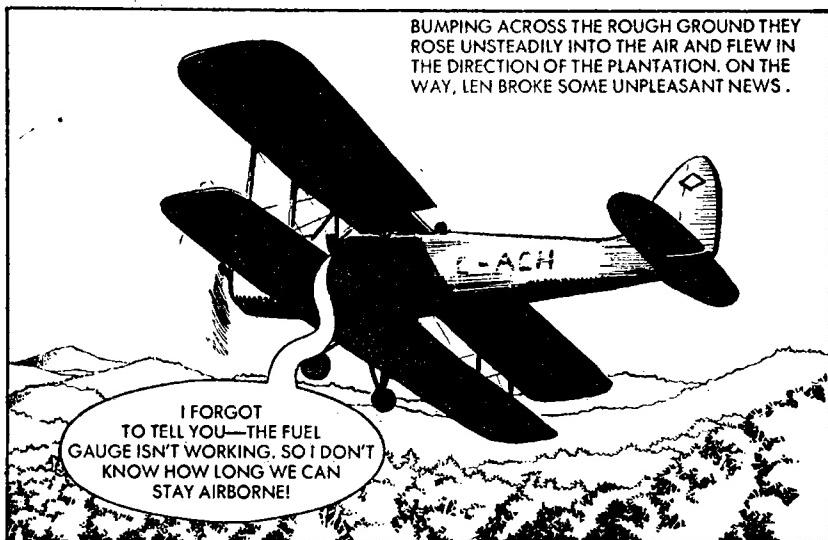
LUCKILY BONGO HAD A CHART OF THE COASTLINE IN HIS CAR, AND THE AIRCRAFT WAS FITTED WITH A COMPASS.



DESPITE ITS AGE, THE ENGINE FIRED, AND RAN ROUGHLY WITH THICK SMOKE BELCHING OUT FROM THE EXHAUST.



BUMPING ACROSS THE ROUGH GROUND THEY ROSE UNSTEADILY INTO THE AIR AND FLEW IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PLANTATION. ON THE WAY, LEN BROKE SOME UNPLEASANT NEWS .



AS THE LITTLE PLANE FLEW OVER THE PLANTATION, THE EX-PRISONERS APPEARED FROM THE JUNGLE AND MADE A SIGN ON THE GROUND.

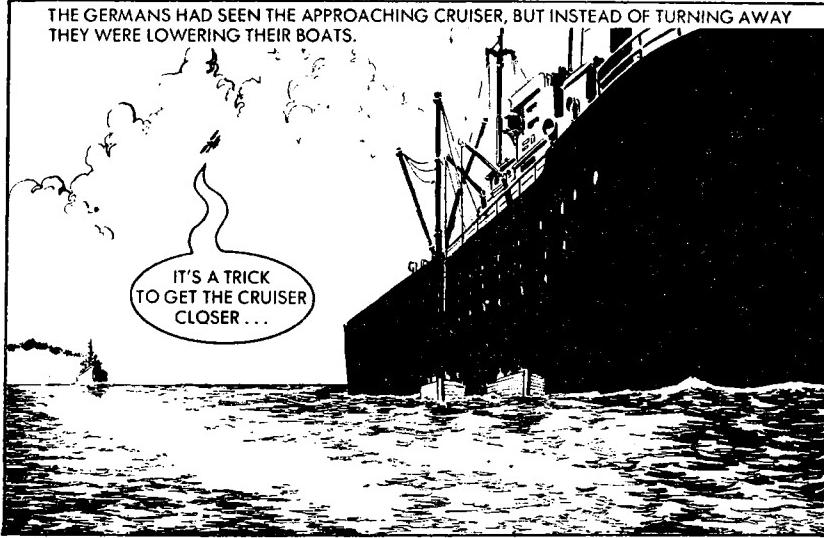
THE DALEN  
MUST HAVE TURNED UP  
THEY'RE MAKING AN ARROW  
POINTING OUT TO  
SEA!

WE'D  
BETTER HEAD IN THAT  
DIRECTION.

HEADING OUT TO SEA, THEY SPOTTED A SHIP IN THE DISTANCE. AND BEYOND IT  
THE FAMILIAR SILHOUETTE OF THEIR CRUISER.

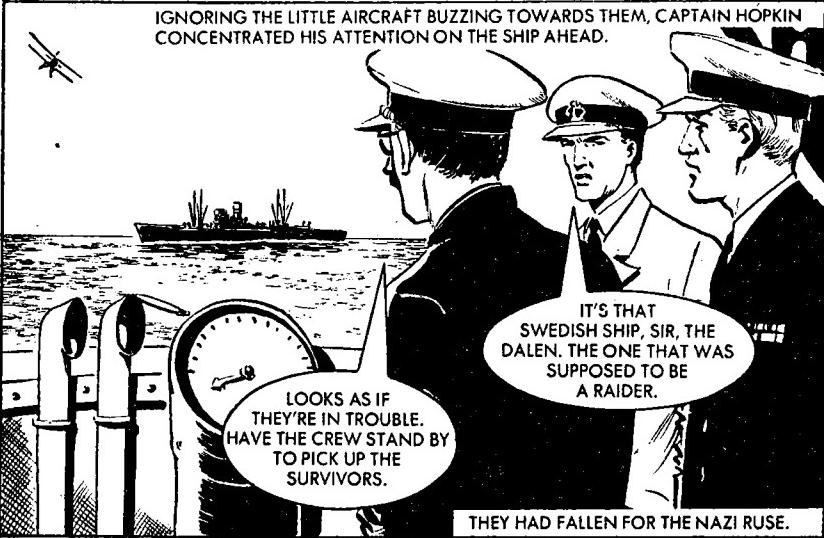
WE'RE JUST  
IN TIME! IT'S THE  
DALEN—AND THE CRUISER  
IS AFTER HER!

THE GERMANS HAD SEEN THE APPROACHING CRUISER, BUT INSTEAD OF TURNING AWAY THEY WERE LOWERING THEIR BOATS.



IT'S A TRICK  
TO GET THE CRUISER  
CLOSER ...

IGNORING THE LITTLE AIRCRAFT BUZZING TOWARDS THEM, CAPTAIN HOPKIN CONCENTRATED HIS ATTENTION ON THE SHIP AHEAD.



LOOKS AS IF  
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE.  
HAVE THE CREW STAND BY  
TO PICK UP THE  
SURVIVORS.

IT'S THAT  
SWEDISH SHIP, SIR, THE  
DALEN. THE ONE THAT WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
A RAIDER.

THEY HAD FALLEN FOR THE NAZI RUSE.

FAILING IN HIS ATTEMPT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION, LEN DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO WARN THE CRUISER.



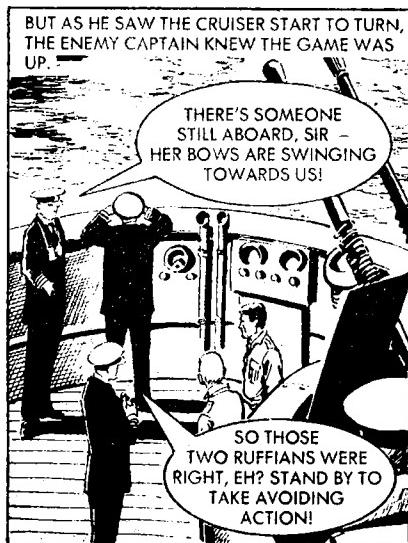
SELECTING A POINT AHEAD OF THE CRUISER, LEN DITCHED THE BIPLANE GENTLY HOPING IT WOULD FLOAT.



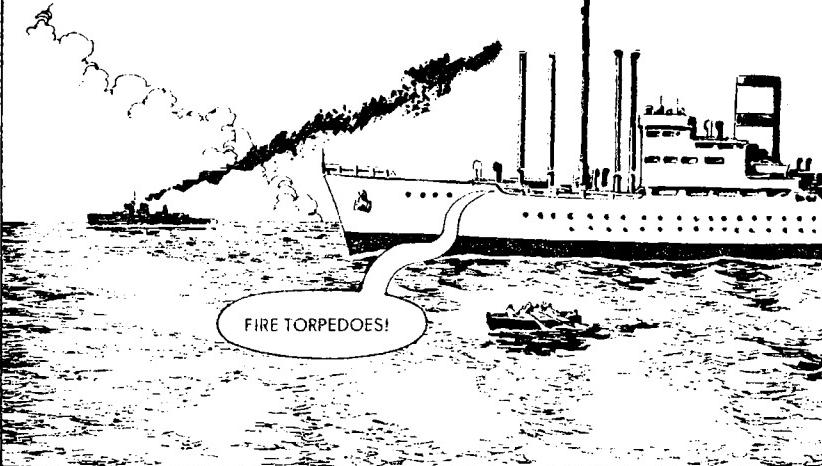
THE MOMENT THEY WERE ON BOARD, JIMMY AND LEN DASHED FOR THE BRIDGE TO EXPLAIN, AND THEIR APPEARANCE WAS GREETED WITH SHOCKED DISMAY.



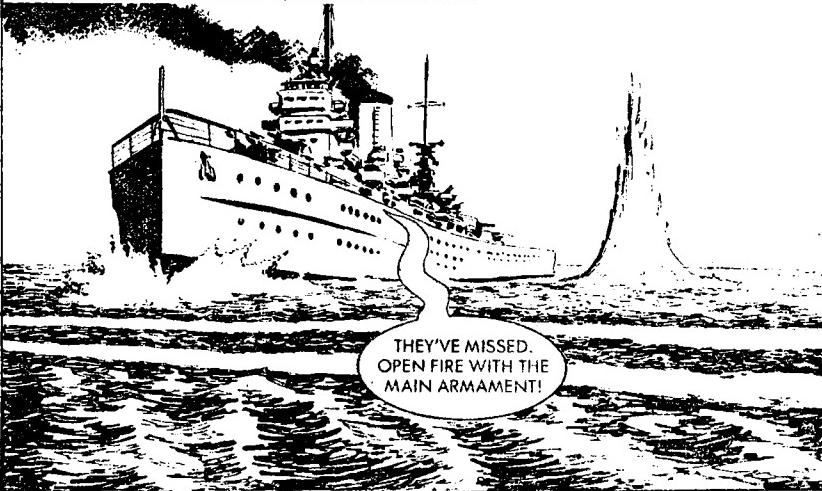
THE CRUISER WAS ALREADY GATHERING SPEED, BUT AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION CAPTAIN HOPKIN ORDERED A SHARP TURN.



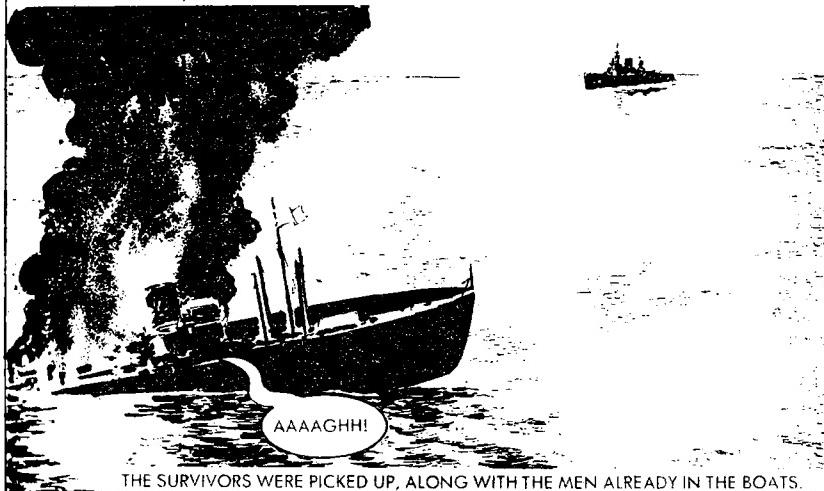
A SKELETON CREW HAD INDEED STAYED BEHIND ON THE RAIDER,  
AND AS A BATTLE ENSIGN WAS RAISED ABOVE THE BOGUS  
SWEDISH SHIP, THE ORDER WAS GIVEN TO FIRE ITS TORPEDOES.



AS THE TORPEDOES SLID PAST THEIR FAST-MOVING TARGET, THE GERMANS OPENED FIRE WITH THEIR LIGHT GUNS, DEFANT TO THE END.

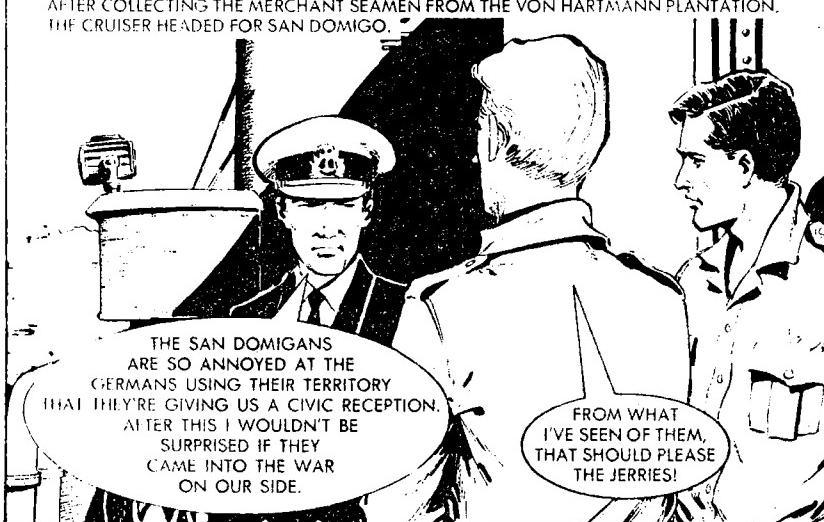


THE BATTLE WAS SOON OVER, FOR THE CRUISER HAD EVERY ADVANTAGE. HIT BY A RAPID SALVO OF SHELLS, THE GERMAN RAIDER BURST INTO FIRE AND BEGAN TO SINK.



THE SURVIVORS WERE PICKED UP, ALONG WITH THE MEN ALREADY IN THE BOATS.

AFTER COLLECTING THE MERCHANT SEAMEN FROM THE VON HARTMANN PLANTATION, THE CRUISER HEADED FOR SAN DOMIGO.



THE BRITISH SHIP SAILED INTO THE HARBOUR, AND TO SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE, THE SOUTH AMERICANS PRESENTED CAPTAIN HOPKIN WITH A LLAMA.



THE ADMIRALTY PRESENTED THE DUKE WITH A NEW AIRCRAFT, TO REPLACE THE ONE HE LOST. AS THEY WATCHED, JIMMY SYMPATHISED WITH BONGO.



WHEN LEN AND JIMMY WERE AWARDED THE SAN DOMIGAN ORDER OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE, SECOND CLASS, EVEN CAPTAIN HOPKIN WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT AIRCRAFT HAD THEIR USES, AND TO THEIR DELIGHT HE HAD THEM POSTED TO A CARRIER.



**Commando**  
**THE END**

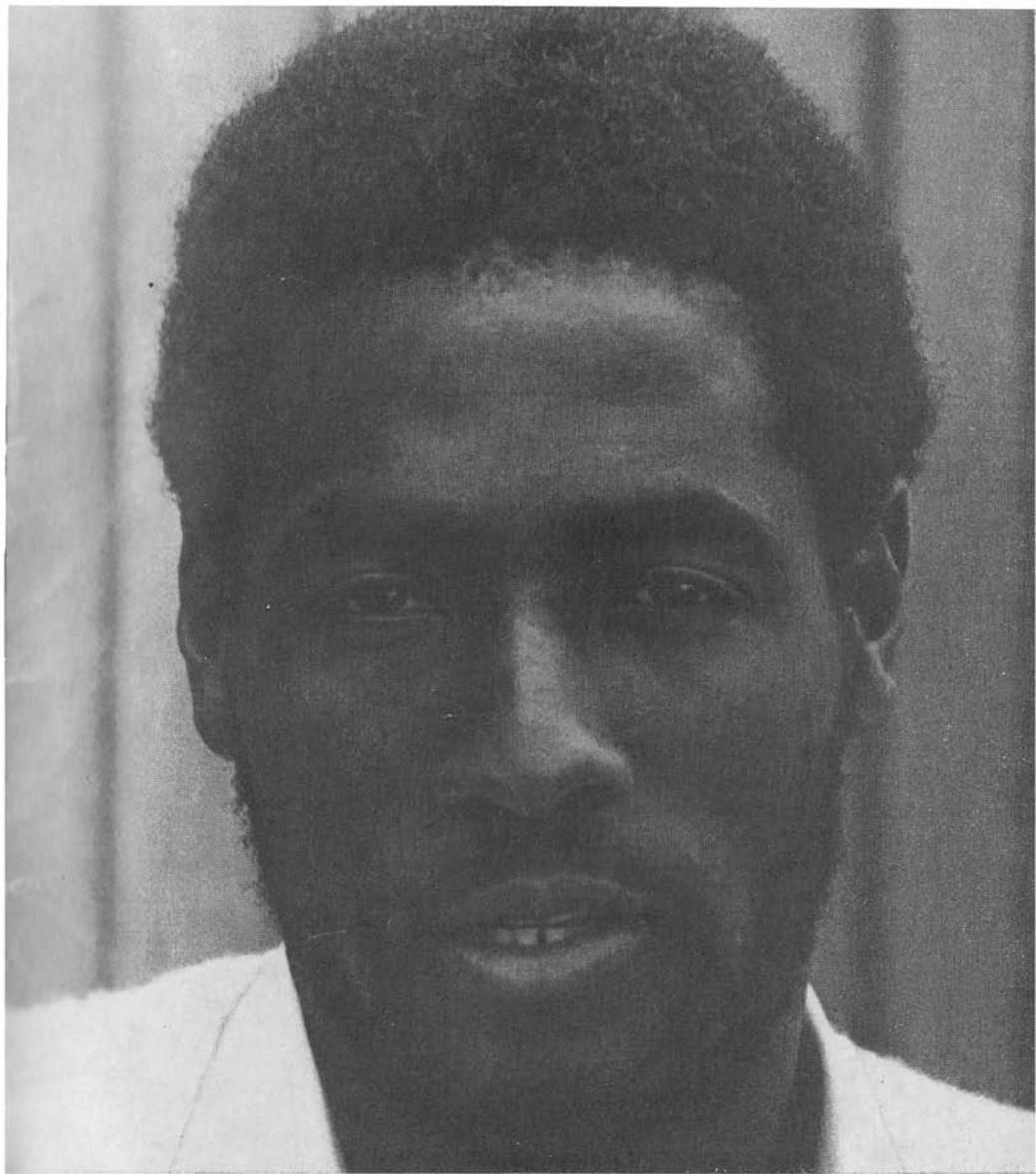
### Answers to Sky-High Quiz No.7

31—Consolidated Catalina. 32—Messerschmitt 262. 33—Hawker Hurricane. 34—Armstrong Whitworth Whitley. 35—Gloster Gladiator.

# **Commando** PACKS A REAL PUNCH!



**THESE  
FOUR  
LATEST  
BOOKS  
ARE A  
KNOCKOUT!  
DON'T  
MISS 'EM!  
THEY'RE  
ON SALE  
RIGHT  
NOW!**



Stars of Cricket – Viv Richards

# RAISE THE ALARM!

**A** RIGHT pair of practical jokers they were. Len Potter, a Fleet Air Arm pilot, and Jimmy Cross his navigator. Always ready for a laugh. Anything to brighten life up a bit.

Well, right now they had very little to laugh about. They'd been shot down in the South Atlantic, their seaplane wouldn't last for long, and they were more than a hundred miles from the nearest land.

**C**ommando

